

READY FOR THE XMAS BABY

An American Girl Abroad Does a Bit of Sketching in the Castellane Nursery.

SOME WONDERFUL PARISIAN THINGS.

Duchess of York Routes Prince Edward From His Old Nursery and Refits It.

What Deth Hedge in a Baby King.

Trousseau for Xmas Presents.

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A baby trousseau is the present present for the Christmas baby. And the baby itself is a Christmas present to the family.

There are many of these Christmas babies to be distributed this Christmas. Things of those of high degree have been borne over land and sea until all the world knows of them. News of those of less favored position comes in the multitude of small trousseaus which are being displayed in the shops among the holiday purchases.

The most interesting preparations are being made in the York family for a playmate to young Prince Edward. This boy is a year and a half old, and stands alone by a chair. His nursery has just been taken away from him, and he has been placed in a room with a bedstead and small chairs, bureau and dressing table. The education of England's future king has begun with him.

FOR THE WORK HEIR.

Prince Edward's old nursery is being refitted for a baby. It is a large room facing south in York Cottage, near Sandringham. Everything in the room is being remodelled and refitted, so that it is as new as the heir expected. Here the child will be this winter.

The decorations of the room, which will hold a baby may be a future king, if Edward's old die, are in pale pink. The color scheme is deep at the floor and shades to white at the ceiling. It is in hard finish. The floor is tiled and is entirely covered with choice rugs, this, too, which will be refitted, so that it is as new as the heir expected. Here the child will be this winter.

As it is cold at Sandringham now there are two sets of windows. The colored set can be raised and through the clear glass windows there is a view of the world when the Prince or Princess is old enough to realize that it is on earth. An interesting thing is the heating of the room, which is done with open fire-places. At least these are always burning with their colored glass screens standing in front. But the heat of the room really comes from steam pipes which are laid under the floor around the border of the room, preventing draughts.

None of Prince Edward's cradles, clothes, or toilet articles will be used again. These are all suitably labelled and put away as fast as the little heir is through with them. In future days they may make the history of a monarch's baby days. When new baby has new things prepared for him.

In the very middle of the nursery stands the jeweled cradle. It is set

around in cradles—is of solid gold, with chasing around it. The gold is enamelled in blue, and is set with a border of all-colored stones. But it is the toilet things—the gifts and the purchases—that make the outfit so remarkable.

At the side of the cradle stands a pair of jeweled scales that are for weighing the young comer. These scales are perfectly adjusted, and were made to order of gold and precious stones instead of the ordinary material.

A WONDERFUL PANEL.

At the other side of the cradle stands a tall panel of dull gold with hooks upon it as though it were a keyboard. It is holding it steady. This panel is for everything in daily use by the child. At the top is a thermometer. At the lower end is a box of jeweled safety pins supported upon a small shelf. In the middle is a heavy birthday book of vellum, ornamented with gold and tied at the four corners with blue satin ribbon, and above this is the baby basket, lined with blue satin and trimmed with lace. The outside of this basket is of gold wire, twisted and bent to form a basket, and the whole weight of the basket, exclusive of its contents, is less than two pounds.

At one side of this panel hangs a cup which looks to you too small for a bathtub and too large for a baby's drinking mug. When you ask what this is you are told it is a loving-cup, the gift of all the grandparents, godfathers and godmothers, and that it is to be used until the child's first receipt in—cradle party we call it here. Then it will be filled with wine made over the day that his parents were christened. This cup is passed around for all to drink from. The Castellane loving-cup is massive gold with open places left for inscriptions.

The trousseau of this baby is as large as that of half a dozen ordinary children. There are fifty long dresses, all trimmed by hand underneath the lace. With each dress there is a cap and nightgown of similar pattern, with a long white petticoat to match. The flannels underneath have a repetition of the vine, and some of them have lace also.

A very pretty and new wrinkle for the Christmas baby is the small, lacey pad which is for baby to sit upon. This is a square of white cambric edged with white lace. There is a layer of wadding inside, and the pad becomes a pillow for daily use. There are many of these. Little bundles of them are placed all over the house, so that when the young hope of the family is brought in he can be comfortably seated upon the floor, or upon a corner of the sofa, with a foundation of softness that will not give him small spots or backache. These pads are recommended by all the physicians of Paris, and may be used, plain or ornamented, as one pleases.

An exquisite trousseau is that bought by another married branch of the Gould family, an American lady, whose large family has already accustomed her to the preparing of trousseaus.

When in Paris last summer this lady selected a large stock of things for nursery use. Nowhere else do they have the little inventions that they have in Paris every season. Among the new things brought over was a jeweled bath thermometer and several more thermometers for different parts of the nursery, as children are now brought up on more scientific principles than formerly. The beauty of these hygienic trifles is that they are

from Paris, that city of baby fashions that has so many habits of its own. It is a deep red cloth cape or dress of striped muslin or cloth. Her cap is of plaid ribbon made into a snug hat, and long streamers of the ribbon hang to the streamers. This she is proud to wear when she goes into a street.

In the trousseau of the newest baby there are many pairs of shoes. They are of glove kid, with kid soles no thicker than the sides. Ladies make them or employ a professional baby shoemaker to make them. The knitted shoes are not worn by even the day-old baby, except for night socks.

Very cunning Parisian hammocks are sold for these babies. They are woven of silk and are very strong. Long silk strings from floor to ceiling hold them in place.

American babies have the rich materials that the French babies do, but they do not adapt them to their own use. In fitting out a trousseau for the Christmas baby it is a good thing to remember that the small person has a full set of Lilliputian needs rather than Goliath needs.

HELEN WARD.

I am Green Banner.

As the interests of the Christian portion of the universe are now centered in an effort to relieve the distress of people of Armenia, an Asiatic province, which has been under the rule of the Sultan now concentrating in that province for the ostensible purpose of putting down an insurrection, the "green banner," which has been displayed by the "green banner," which means a "holy war," it will be of interest to trace as far as possible the origin and meaning of a "jejad," or "holy war."

It is understood to be a Mohammedan doctrine that jejad, or holy war, can only be proclaimed by the Shiek-ul-Islam, the religious deputy of the Sultan, by the personal order of the Sultan himself. The proclamation is performed by unfolding the sajakkerit, or flag of the prophet, which is made of green silk, with a crescent at the top of the staff, to which is attached a horsehair plume. This flag is deposited in the Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. It is not, however, the original flag of the prophet, as that ensign was white, and was made from the turban of the Korish which Mahomet captured. For this, some time later, was substituted a black flag, made of the petticoat of Ayesha, the favorite wife of the prophet, and in whose arms he died.

Omar, the second Moslem caliph, obtained possession of the flag by conquest, and it passed subsequently into the hands of the Abbassides and the Caliphs of Baghdad and Kairat, and was brought to Europe by Amurath III. and deposited in the seraglio at Constantinople. When the flag was changed in color from black to green is not known, but according to the doctrine of Mahomet, the Sultan and his deputy have the sole authority to unfurl the flag over Constantinople and proclaim a "holy war," a war against all Christendom, and one in which every species of atrocity is perpetrated in the name of the prophet on the unbelievers.

The unfurling of the green flag among the Turkish soldiery, if there be truth in the report, may not be from the orders of the Sultan, as there is a large element of the Mohammedans, particularly those of Arabia, and the Holy Land, who do not recognize the legitimacy of the claim of the Ottoman Turks to the caliphate, and would not wait for the orders of the ruler if they are anxious for a jejad against the hated Christians.

If the Sultan should attempt, or if any part of his dominion, independent of his orders, inaugurate a holy war, it becomes the duty of every Christian nation to take prompt action in the protection of the helpless people that will be exposed to every kind of outrage that the devilish ingenuity of the Moslem religion will contrive to invent. Personal interests and aggrandizement should be promptly laid aside in the cause of humanity.—Baltimore Sun.

A Cyclone of Swallows.

A Russian steamer, hailing from Odessa, has for some time been engaged in the Mediterranean trade, principally carrying passengers between Leghorn and Malaga. On an evening of the recent trip it encountered an oncoming vessel which will never be forgotten by either the crew or the passengers. The passage had been a stormy one, but the day of the occurrence was unusually fine, and much rattling rain was coming down. Suddenly the look-out called: "Hurricane cloud, leeward!"

At once there was great consternation aboard and a number of people sought refuge below. The captain, however, at his opinion that it was no hurricane cloud. The black mass that they saw hovering near the horizon was, he thought, a particularly dense volume of smoke from some steamer. But the solution of the mystery came much sooner than they had expected. The threatening mass grew larger and larger, and soon was seen to bear down in the direction of the vessel. Every minute, both crew and passengers, became frightened at the mysterious cloud, which seemed to move with great rapidity, notwithstanding that a perfect calm prevailed.

Then came the solution. The vast cloud that they had seen was composed of swallows. The forerunners, a small detachment of some 10,000, swooped down on the deck, to the bewilderment of the people on board. These were soon followed, not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. The birds literally overwhelmed the vessel. The man at the wheel lost his bearings, and the wildest disorder prevailed. The birds poured into every available opening, hatchways, windows and everywhere else. They got tangled in the ropes and sails, and clustered about the rigging.

Even the smokestack was so filled up at one time that the fires were nearly extinguished. The most amazing part of the whole thing was that the birds did not evince any disposition to leave.

To heighten the confusion the steamer had got out of its course and ran ashore. However, on account of going very slow, no material damage was done, though the passengers were badly frightened. When the crew had recovered from their amazement they began to clear the deck and the vessel in general of these unexpected and not at all welcome guests.

The captain ordered the men to use shovels and whatever else they could to throw the birds overboard. After getting fairly in shape the vessel started on its voyage, having been delayed for nearly eight hours on account of this singular experience. The captain could not offer any theory as to where this vast army of swallows came from. All he said was that the birds were exhausted from a long flight during the storm of the previous day, and sought rest on his vessel.—Savannah News.

Night as Well Get a Hair Cut.

In all probability an action for the dissolution of the partnership of Mr. and Mrs. Schmitzwasser will soon be filed in the Superior Court.

For some time Mr. Schmitzwasser has not been satisfied with the profits of the business, and he was led to suspect that Mr. Giesselheim was knocking down and dragging out the content of the till. He set to work to detect his partner, and by stealthily counting the cash before and after taking he soon verified his suspicion.

Yesterday morning Mr. Schmitzwasser counted the money in the till as soon as he opened the store, and found that it contained about \$40. A few minutes later Mr. Giesselheim came and opened the drawer and took some coin with the remark:

"I'm going out to get a shave." Mr. Schmitzwasser dashed to the till, counted the money and found that his partner had taken about \$25.

"Hey, Giesselheim!" he shouted, "You'd better come back and take the rest and get a hair cut."—San Francisco Post.

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A DAY'S SHOPPING IN PARIS.

An American Girl Visits la Rue de la Paix and Describes the Women She Sees.

"BUTTON MAD" ARE THE WOMEN.

Paris Women Hold Winter at Bay With Bright Colors and Invisible Wraps.

Widows Mourn Cheerfully in Black and White Boucle, with Weeds of Snowy Flowers.

PARIS, Dec. 14.—I am prouder to be shopping upon the Rue de la Paix, Paris, than upon Fifth avenue, New York, though the Paris street is far more cosmopolitan than New York's very fashionable one. The bargain counter is unknown here, nor does the woman with a basket upon her arm shun this street of shops. Yet for all that if I were to be drawn in picture as a shopper I should prefer la Rue de la Paix.

Upon this street—which is where Parisian women shop—there is a perfectly indescribable air of what the French call chic, and for which we have no corresponding word except "taste." Things

though some modiste were giving an animated opening of her winter stock.

One such a lovely shopper brushed past me that I swung round to look at her. She, vain thing, knew it, for she stood upon the corner an extra minute to give me a long, uninterrupted gaze. Her skirt was a very full, sweeping one of bright, copper-colored bengaline. This strange material was cut into squares around the foot and slashed to show an underskirt of heliotrope. Copper and heliotrope, by the way, make a combination which Parisian women particularly love and which they resurrect year after year, sending it out into the world as a new fashion. It is universally becoming, but so daring that few readily adopt it. They must take it on probation first.

The jacket waist of this copper skirt was heliotrope, with copper touches in it, in the buttons, in the straps of the jacket, in the lining and up above in the hat. A white ermine collarlet with dashes of the ermine's spots, made the finishing touch for the neck. The wearer was dark, and the white ermine under her chin made her look like a blackbird nestling in a cotton bush. But I thought her very chic as a woman.

DON'T LIKE WINTER.

Taking a day's trip over to London the other day, as so many who are in Paris do, just as Londoners cross the Channel for a day in Paris, I was struck with the way Englishwomen adopt winter. They accept it as the trees accept their white coat of snow, and cling to it until it can no longer be carried. The heavier, the thicker and the most win-

FLUNDERERS OF CHRISTMAS SPOILS



"The plainest I saw."

here are so adaptable to your wants—so "just the thing"—that a shopper once having shopped here thinks ever after regretfully of it. For Christmas buying it is superior.

BUYING IN PARIS.

All Parisian women are out shopping this month. They shop more deliberately than the English or the American. They talk more, they drive closer bargains, they chatter, chaff, discuss, compare and end by walking into the next shop and purchasing a shop that gives away little red-rose cake, or with every five-franc purchase and warrants them fine enough for a Christmas remembrance. "You buy of me, madame, and I give you half a dozen more Christmas presents than you intended to buy," the shopman tells you confidentially. And he does it, if not by actual gift, by making you purchase more than you wanted.

When impartial pictures are taken in the coming age, when pictures will be liked for their fidelity to life and original beauty—then pictures of la Rue de la Paix will be taken at holiday time with its pretty women swarming in and out of the shops. They are precisely like fashion plates, yet living and moving as

"A woman with a private income."

try the better. French women, au contraire, refuse to accept winter. They ignore the fact that the cold and frost, and out into the streets they go like children escaping from a play-room. They may be warm, and they probably are for they look comfortable and as though having a good time, but you wonder if they do not want their heavy wraps.

Sailing down the street with most dignified men was a young woman, blond and blonde, and dressed in one of the new shining ladies' cloths that are again so popular. It is the only smooth cloth considered perfectly fashionable in this season of rough effects.

Her skirt hung round her in heavy folds. I think it must have measured just six yards, though it might have taken that little leap which skirts are "thrusting" to take, and have crept up to the rightward with.

Down one side of it went a panel, slanting from narrow at the waist to broad at the feet. It was trimmed with big white pearl buttons. Another panel, built in the same way, started near the front of the waist and became broad at the feet in the same manner. The

color of the skirt was a whitish green, something like army cloth, giving a white touch of white without thread in it. The panels were black. Nothing goes well with green except black.

Upon the shoulders of this proud dame, for she carried herself with the air of a woman whose skirt is lined with silk and whose private income is an assured thing, was a cape of the same green cloth. It was closely stitched with treading, the rows being laid on, one right next to the other, in what we call at home "imported" fashion. The capes lapped, and there were several of them, and the two little under ones near the belt were black, like the panels of the skirt. Down the front fell a straight piece, giving the blouse effect, and trimmed with white pearl buttons.

MANY BUTTONS.

About the buttons I must say a word. Paris is going crazy over big buttons. It cannot get them big enough. "The descendants of Worth," who hold great sway over the gowns of the fashionable world here, are trying vainly to quench it. Big buttons destroy their ensemble, they declare, and render a gown vulgar. It is always has been the Worth plan to hide the method of ingress and egress in a skirt, and to make seem as though the wearer and the gown grew together. But with these great buttons staring at one the vulgar fact that one buttons up one's clothes is proclaimed to the world. The special button over which Paris faxes is the pearl. It is white in color and clear in tone. It shows its fasten-

ing though, if an "eye-button," but the best ones are sewed through and are fastened upon the gown with silk the color of the gown. Upon this whitish, greenish cloth upon they would sew with whitish green thread. The cost of the pearl buttons here is two francs apiece. That is less than half a dollar home, but I wager in New York you must pay a dollar to get them. If you have as many pearl buttons upon your outdoor suit as I saw upon a suit a few days ago, it will pay you to come over here and have a gown made and wear it home. The tariff duty plays directly upon these pearl buttons, I told.

I saw an Irish fringe gown of not very deep fringe, as the woolly surface is called, that had a deep pattern of black velvet around its foot. The velvet was cut in a great fancy curved heading and went entirely around the hem of the skirt. Tiny braids finished its top. This was the plainest of the gowns upon the street among the many fashionable shoppers, but I thought it one of the most effective, especially as the fringe cloth was a deep ox-blood shade, contrasting sharply with the velvet around the hem.

Sealskin jackets are not in great favor

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in Paris, though they are cheap. Perhaps in America the price is largely upheld by the demand, but here it drops quite low. The seal jacket which was worn over the fringe skirt had a vest of boucle cloth, the fashionable dress material, and a broad turn-back rever of white goods, broadcloth, probably, and, of course, it buttoned with pearl buttons. I thought this seal coat a very good solution of the fisheries question as it pertains to sealskin. The effect and warmth of the seal was maintained without the monotony of the dull brown fur.

You will have to come all the way to Paris if you want to see the boucle cloths combined, two colors in a gown. There was one that seemed too dainty to appear upon the streets to be brushed by the men and smelted by the horses. It was dull heavy black boucle as far as the knees. Here it was met with dull heavy white boucle. The place where the boucle was made was covered with a pattern of black braid, put on in the fashion of the hour—the chrysanthemum petal. The lining of the skirt was snow-white satin, and the rustle when the wearer walked was the most delicious thing, exalting as it did the odor of roses.

In the waist of this gown there was the same combination of the boucle, black and white. Big, soft, white woolly sleeves and yoke fitted into a body of black. And through all went the chrysanthemum design.

Mourning in Paris is a gay thing. It wastes their heads these getting up fetching combinations for it, and so I was not surprised to hear that this young woman's position was that of

young widow, and that the ring black hat with the white chrysanthemum upon the front was this year's de mode removed from the weeds which she had worn a twelvemonth. In her hand it was a novel by its stalk. Her eye as she walked were cast a little about the hurrying world, but she consulted her memorandum often, a little monogrammed book, and seemed intent below her merriment upon some Christmas commissions.

The gifts bought by these shoppers would make a very interesting narrative, but that is so different from a fashion tale that it cannot be combined with it.

MARIE PORTER.

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TROUSSEAU OF A CHRISTMAS BABY.

(Sketches in the Castellane Nursery.)

around with pink stones and is fitted with a pink silk canopy, embroidered in white and with white lace around the edge. Next to it is a small foot-stool upon which the caretaker sits, while the child in sleeping gear, who never stumbles alone. Near by are the small "clothes horses" inclosed in their carved wood frames, to protect the long white dresses from dust, and there a low case with all the nursery implements in it. The toilet articles are in a carved box, of which the front lets down.

The Duchess of York has never been very extravagant in the fitting out of her babies, and he was led to suspect that Mr. Giesselheim was knocking down and dragging out the content of the till. He set to work to detect his partner, and by stealthily counting the cash before and after taking he soon verified his suspicion.

THE CASTELLANE NURSERY.

Very elaborate are the preparations that are being made for the heir of the Castellane family. This child may be among the earlier of the Christmas babies as so many preparations have been recently made for him. A young girl artist, of New York, who called at the Castellane residence a few days ago to sketch the nursery was told that all was now ready for occupancy.

Many new and pretty things have been placed in the trousseau of this baby, who will bear the fortune and stock of Jay Gould if not his name. The most important of all is the securing of a "nurse-nou," who was the nurse of an infant duke, and who was invited to go to England to nurse the young son of the Princess Adolphus of Teck. This superior young person of royal blood, it is claimed, and is in such demand that immense sums are secured by her every time she attempts to "adopt" a nurse-ling.

The cradle—for all children are now

The proper dress for a child's nurse